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POLITICAL.

Speech of Hon. J. L. Orr, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

On the Missouri Rail Road, delivered in the House of Representatives, on the 28th February, 1852.

[CONCLUDED.]

I believe Mr. Polk, while he was a member of Congress here in 1828, voted for a bill similar to this, to aid in the construction of canals. Mr. McDuffie voted for such bills, as you have already heard from some of the gentlemen who have preceded me in this debate. Gen. Cass, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, Mr. Calhoun, and Mr. Houston, and the whole of those who are now or who were heretofore looked up to as the leaders of the Democratic party, have advocated and supported bills identical in principle with the bill now upon your table. It is not, therefore, anti-Democratic. If you are to form any articles of faith from the principles and acts of its high priests, you may take the vote by which the Illinois bill passed the Senate, or the vote by which the Mississippi bill passed, and you will find that a majority of the Democrats voted for it. Upon the Mississippi bill there were but eight Senators of the entire Senate who voted against it. I think I shall be able to show that this bill, as reported by the Committee on Public Lands, is infinitely a better bill for this Government than the Mississippi bill. I will show them when I come to speak of the bill itself, that it is not to be scooped from this Hall, first either upon the plea that it is unconstitutional, or second, that it is anti-Republican or anti-Democratic. I do not credit it that either of these pretenses will be available to drive the bill from this Hall; and the gentleman from Tennessee (Mr. Jones) does injustice to his own party when he makes an imputation of that sort; for I take it that even in this House there is a majority of the members of the Democratic party who will vote for the bill.

Having disposed of this constitutional question, more by authority than by argument, and having also disposed of the question of democracy, I desire to direct the attention of the House to the advantages which is to result to the Government from the passage of these land bills.

What advantage will the Government derive? The first is this: it will bring lands into the market which have been exposed to sale, and have not found a purchaser for thirty years. The road for which this bill provides a grant passes through a portion of the public lands in Missouri that have been subject to sale and entry from fifteen to twenty-five years. These lands have not been sold, and why? Because they are situated so remote from market, so remote from all the conveniences of life, so remote from timber—for a large part of the land consists of prairie—that persons have been deterred from occupying and settling them. Give them the facilities of a railroad; give them the opportunity of bringing timber to these prairies; give them facilities for sending off produce to market and you will find the lands reserved to this Government selling rapidly at \$2.50 per acre, when they have remained now in market for twenty years, not bringing a dollar and a quarter per acre.

This Missouri bill provides for donating alternate sections of the public lands between the two sections of the public lands between the towns of Hannibal, on the Mississippi river, and St. Joseph, upon the Missouri river. For a distance of thirty miles west of the Mississippi river and an equal space east of the Missouri, the public lands have been taken up, so that, although the line of railroad is a long one, yet there are sixty miles of that distance where the company will not receive an acre of land. The settlements there will illustrate the truth of the theory which I laid down, that when settlers are brought within convenient distances of navigable rivers or of rail roads, the public lands are not convenient, the public lands are of no sort of use to the States or the General Government. In many regions of the country there are public lands, as I have already stated which have been exposed to sale for many years for one dollar and a quarter per acre, but remain unsold, and will remain unsold for fifty years to come, unless improvements of this kind are projected, and the lands brought into market.

I might speak of the lands in Florida. The committee on public lands will report a bill for the purpose of constructing a railroad there, extending from eighty to one hundred miles in length, where there are no settlements at all. In my own State, a railroad was constructed from Charleston to Hamburg, passing through a pine country, where lands was not worth more than ten to fifty cents per acre.—These lands rarely found a purchaser because they were valuable only as range. Since the construction of that road, the lands have increased in value along the line of the road from ten cents per acre to two dollars and a half and five dollars per acre, not for the purpose of cultivation, but on account of the valuable timber and turpentine these forests afford, the road offering a cheap and speedy transit to market, that the lands had risen so much in value. I undertake to say that in Florida, the description of lands of which I have been speaking, will remain unentered for one hundred years, unless some public improvement of this nature is projected and carried out. The Government, by making these donations, not only benefits the State and its citizens, but it also benefits itself, and brings hundreds of thousands of dollars into the treasury, which otherwise would not be derived from the lands. I suspect when you go to the West you will find in many places valuable and fertile lands capable of producing wheat and corn and cotton, which are not entered at one dollar and a quarter per acre. And why? Because they have not facilities for market. The increase in value of land in the new States consequent upon the construction of works internal improvement, will be greater than in the old States. Add why? Because the lands of the New States is better, the soil more fertile, and consequently the production greater. It is a virgin soil better than that of the Atlantic slope. Do not believe, from all my knowledge of the country, that there is a country upon the face of the earth that has such an extent of rich lands as the Mississippi valley—lands that will produce from a thousand to fifteen hundred pounds of cotton per acre, and from sixty to seventy bushels of corn. Give the cotton planter or the farmer facilities for market, and he is not better able to pay one dollar and a quarter for land which was forty or fifty miles from market, and where his corn would not be worth more than five to ten cents a bushel, and the cost of transporting cotton or tobacco or flour from one half to one cent per pound! The committee have assumed, in framing this bill, that as a general rule, the lands lying within six miles on both sides of a railroad will certainly increase in value 100 per cent. I think I can bring some testimony here which might satisfy the gentleman from Georgia (Mr. Toombs) that the construction of railroads increase the price of lands, and that greatly. I desire to state, (and if I do not state the fact correctly I hope the gentleman will correct me) that in the Cherokee country, a region that twelve years ago had no facilities for market at all, their corn was not worth more than ten or twelve cents per bushel; and but little cotton was raised in consequence of the enormous cost of transporting it by land carriage to market. That country now teems with an industrious and thriving population, and the former forests have been converted into beautiful, productive and profitable farms. The State of Georgia constructed a road there, and in conversation with an intelligent gentleman from that country, a day or two ago; he said to me, that the lands had increased in value along the line of that road, for thirty miles on both sides, from 100 to 2,000 per cent. The committee assumed that land lying along the lines of these roads for six miles would certainly increase in value 100 per cent. In many instances, I have no doubt it will greatly exceed 100 per cent, and reach 500 per cent, and in some favorite localities reach even 1,000 per cent. But six miles is assumed by the committee as the distance upon the average of either side, and that the increase in value will be at least reach 100 per cent. I think the settlers in the new States ought to be liberally treated by this Government, for it requires a bold and enterprising man to give up and renounce all the conveniences and luxuries to be met with in the old States—to take leave of the home of his childhood, the friends of his youth, and the companions of his maturer years to plunge into a western forest. All this requires courage and enterprise. These people deserve generous consideration, from the Government, and are especially entitled to receive it, when the Government does not injure itself or the other States of the Confederacy by extending it. They have but little capital there and this is one reason why these donations should be made. When persons emigrate to the West or Southwest, as a general rule, all the capital they carry with them is their industry and enterprise. If you give them these lands, so as to enable them to purchase iron for the construction of railroads to be realized by a sale of the land, their industry will accomplish the balance.

Now, Mr. Speaker, I wish to submit a few remarks upon some of the details of this bill. It is provided that where the lands have been taken up within the six miles by entry, the company shall be allowed to go a distance of fifteen miles for the purpose of making up this quota. Well, that feature, I am free to acknowledge, did not meet my approbation fully, but I have waived the objection. The Government is amply compensated by allowing this extension from six to fifteen miles. In the first place, it is provided that the mails shall be carried over these roads, not at such prices as the Company and the Government shall agree upon, but at such prices as Congress may fix—leaving it absolutely under the control of Congress. I suppose every gentleman on this floor familiar with the operations of the Post Office Department, knows the difficulties that are encountered now by the Postmaster General in making contracts for carrying the mails over the railroads of the country. There is scarcely a railroad company in the United States, that does not avail itself of the opportunity presented, to extort from the government a larger compensation than it is justly entitled to. But by this bill you reserve to yourselves the right to say at what price the mails shall be carried.—That is one great point gained. The distance from St. Joseph to Hannibal is about two hundred miles, and the cost of transporting a heavy mail, being within the first class over a railroad between those places would be three hundred dollars per miles. There would be sixty thousand dollars paid out by the Government for the transportation of the mails over that road for one single year. That is more than it is worth; and Congress by adopting this policy can apply a corrective, and vote to these railroad companies a fair compensation. But there is another advantage to the Government in this bill, which was not included in the Mississippi bill or in the first Illinois bill. It is this, the bill provides that the troops of the United States shall be transported over these roads throughout all time without charge and also that munitions of war, and property of the United States of every description, shall be transported free of charge.

Now look at this Missouri road. It points in the very direction when you are champed to go in traveling to Utah, New Mexico, Oregon, and California. And again let me ask, gentlemen, how long are you to have an Indian frontier between those remote States and Territories on the Pacific and the western border of Missouri? It will be, perhaps, a hundred years before the red man of the forest is exterminated, and during the whole of the time it will be necessary for the Government to keep up troops and stations upon the frontier to guard against the incursions which these Indians may make.

Now take the transportation of the mails and public property over these roads for fifty years' time, and I venture the assertion that it will pay you an interest of thirty per cent. upon every dollar's worth of land that you donate to these companies—perhaps an interest of fifty per cent. upon every dollar.

Here let me say, that all the bills that the Committee on public Lands have determined to report to this House are bills of a national character—are bills which, if passed, will be of infinite service to this Government in time of peace, in the transportation of the mails and public property, and in time of war in the transportation of troops and munitions of war.

Well, sir, there is another clause in this bill which was in none of the bills previously passed, and it is one which should commend itself to the favorable consideration of all the members of this House. It is this: the donation is made, not to the companies, but to the State upon condition that the State shall faithfully appropriate the fund for the particular companies. But the question may be stated, how are you to guard against an abuse on the part of the State? It may be asked, what if the State sells these lands and pockets the money? Well we guard against that effectually. We provide in this bill that when the road has been surveyed, and the certificate forwarded to the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of the Interior shall order that twenty miles of the road may be sold, and when that twenty miles has been sold, no other land along the route of the road shall be brought into market, or be subject to sale, until the Secretary of the Interior has a certificate from the Governor of the State to which the donation is made, that twenty miles of that identical road have been completed. When the certificate is received then the Secretary of the Interior will direct that another twenty miles may be sold, and so on until the whole work is completed. So that the only fraud—if the State was disposed to practice fraud, and I hardly suppose that any State of this Union would do it—that could be practiced, could not extend to a greater amount than one hundred and twenty sections of land.

This bill does not, as some of the bills formerly did, establish the relation of debtor and creditor between the state and this Government. In the bills passed some years ago, it was provided that if the State sold the lands and did not construct the road, it should refund to the Treasury of the United States whatever money it had received, a relation which never should be created between the Federal and State Governments—if for no other reason than the universal dependence of the debtor on the creditor.

Now, with all these advantages, what good objection can exist to making these donations? It does not cost you a farthing. It does not abstract any revenue from the Federal Treasury at all. All experience demonstrates that when you have constructed these railroads the lands through which they pass will sell more readily for \$2 50 an acre without the railroads. With this view of the case—the constitutional difficulties being removed—looking to the great advantage which you can render to these States, and to the inhabitants of these States—looking to the immense boon that you can give to them without impoverishing yourselves—I ask, what good reason can be given for not passing the bill and making the donation? We ask that the bill shall be put upon its passage now, with out going to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union.—Those members who are at all familiar with proceedings here, if I may be allowed to apply a quotation that is used upon more solemn occasions, that when a bill is sent from this House to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, unless it is a universal favorite or an appropriation bill, it has gone to "that undescribed country from whose bourn no traveler ever returns." Every member who had any experience here knows this to be the fact.

I have now, I believe, presented most of the views of this matter that I desired to present, and all I have to say in conclusion is, that I trust the House will deal liberally and generously towards our fair daughters of the West, and I have no doubt that we shall never have cause to be ashamed of or to repudiate them.

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SELECTED TALES.

LIFE LEAVES.

FROM A ROVER'S LOG.

"Boat ahoy!"
"Hello!"
"What vessel is that in the stream?"
"The Portland."
"American?"
"Yes."
"Want a hand?"
"Wal, p'raps you'd bout as well ask the ole man."
"Where is he?"
"That 'ere's him with the papers in his flapper."
"I advanced to the captain, and, removing my hat with such seamanlike grace as I could command, I asked,
"Are you the captain of the Portland, sir?"
"Wal, so they say."
"Do you want a hand?"
"Can't say as I do."
"Can I work my passage home with you?"
"Wal, p'raps you mought. Where do you hail from?"
"Calcutta."
"Run away from yer ship?"
"Yes."
"Wal, that's straightforward; what for?"
"Bad usage."
"Cap'n's name?"
"John Waters."
"Salem?"
"Yes, sir."
"Wal, I don't blame ye, I know him. Jump into the boat. No man shall say that Cross Gifford ever left a countryman in distress in a turrin port. Cast off there! Jo! Ben! put the boy's bundle forward.—Give way now!"
And off we went towards the ship.
"What's your name, young man?" the Captain asked.
"James Byerly."
"Wal, guess you'll have to be called Jim. I hate long names. Gotsome money, I s'pose?"
"Yes, sir."
"I had three dollars!"
"We were soon on board; and, as the wind and tide both served, we got our anchor heaved, laid the fore-top sail to the mast, hove up, made sail, got the anchor on the bows and stood out to sea.

(I may as well say here that I am a native of a lovely village in Western New York. The name, I take it, of no importance to the reader. I was a hot-tempered, and somewhat wayward boy, as some yet unwritten biographical facts might show. At the age of seventeen I ran away from college; and with the money obtained from a very unflattering sale of my books and furniture, contrived to reach Boston, where I shipped on board the Haidee East Indianman.)

The Portland was a fine boat, and in an hour after sunset we were leaving St. George's Channel with a fresh north-easter, under royals and foretopmast studding-sail. The crew was made up entirely of Americans; a good-humored, sailor-like set, with whom I was soon on very good terms.—But as the events of the voyage have nothing to do with my present story, I shall reserve all further details of Cross Gifford's crew and his ship, until I see how well the readers of this story like these life-logs. Well, we anchored late one night, after a passage of twenty-nine days of Long Island Light. The next morning we hauled into the wharf. The Portland was to be discharged by stevedores. It was not an hour later, therefore, that I had grasped the hand of the last of my ship-mates, who had been somewhat more leisurly than the others in packing his chest, and had bidden him good bye.—He turned back suddenly. I was standing, huddled in hand, on the wharf, looking sorrowfully at the noble vessel whose every timber I had learned to love. I could not help thinking, for the life of me, that she, too, had a forlorn and dejected look, made fast as she was to the wharf, like a bound to his kennel.

"Where're you goin', Jim?" asked my ship-mate.

"Indeed, I don't know, Ben."
"Go to the Mariner's Home, with me!"
"Perhaps I will, by and by."
"Well, good bye, old fellow, if I don't see you again!"
And he left me as I was alone, in a strange city, friendless, with three dollars as the amount of funds available.

As I stood utterly at a loss what to do, I received a rough hearty slap on the shoulder.
"Hello! Got into the doldrums, Jim?" asked Captain Gifford.
"A trifle, sir."
"Tut! tut! what's in the wind? Out o'money?"
"No, sir."
"Wal, I don't want to question ye too close; but if ye want any help afore I sail why, call on me. You'll find me at the Lowell House. You've been a good hand an' ef you want a berth voyage, you've only to ask for it. Good bye!"
"Good bye, sir!" I uttered, as well as my quivering lips would let me; and he walked away. He turned back once, as if to speak again; but seemed to change his purpose, and went on. Then I was indeed alone.

As I turned to leave the ship, a carriage drove up in front of a large store house. Next door, a large box was being lowered from the loft. When about half way down, the strap broke, and the box fell within half a yard of the horses' heads.—They instantly backed, and in spite of every effort of the driver, went with the carriage off the wharf. "I heard a shriek, and caught a glimpse of a white dress, as the carriage fell; and without pausing to think of the cause unless, I plunged into the water. There being but about two fathoms of water alongside the wharf, the carriage rested on the bottom, and the horses floundered to the surface, as I dived beneath it. It was but the work of an instant to undo the door. I clasped a light form in my arms, rose with her to the surface, and with a little exertion, contrived to get footing on the carriage. By this time, boats and ropes were at hand, and we were soon safe on the wharf. A tall grey-headed, aristocratic looking gentleman came running up to us.

It is my duty to say here, that the young lady did not faint. Not a bit of it. On the contrary, though pale and manifestly frightened, she gave me one of the very bewitching hands in all the world, and said,
"I thank you, if you—"
"Why, Ellen! my daughter!—I—heyl! how's this? God bless me, how frightened I was!" exclaimed the hatless old gentleman. "Where's the young man? Sir, I'm much obliged to you, James," added he to a young man near him, "give this ten dollars. Egad; they've saved the horses."
As he spoke, I turned to make my way through the crowd; but, however, without noticing a glance from the fair girl beside him, which has haunted me for years.
"Is this your bundle?" asked a stranger.
"It is. Thank you, sir, I had forgotten it."
"Stingy! Mean!" were the epithets I heard, as I made my way through the crowd.
"Rich as a Jew, too!" exclaimed another.

"I say, shipmate!" said this last person to me, "got a boardin' house?"
"Wal, come; go home with me—Good fare, cheap livin'; git ye a ship any time."
I went. I cannot now stop to tell the reader the loathsomeness of that miserable den. Another day will do as well.—One cannot have a whole magazine for his story. Well, as I sat by a rickety old table, with the Boston Times in my hand, asking myself what I should do, one of my shipmates came in.
"By the bones of old Davy!" he exclaimed. "The very man I wanted to see! Good on your heap, Jim! You did it well. Come, what'll ye take?"
"I thank you, not anything."
"O fudge! Take somethin', man. You are all drippin' wet, and you'll catch cold."
"O do," added the landlord.
I yielded; drank—to drunkenness.

Let us pass over the details of that night. I awoke, in the morning, with an aching head and swollen eyes; made my way to the bar room and called for a glass of brandy, to drown the agony of remorse.
"Hadin' you better just hand your money to me?" asked the landlord, with a smile. "You spent three dollars last night, in 'bout an hour; and you'd better let me keep the rest for ye."
"Three dollars?" I exclaimed.
"My God! it was all I had!"
"Wal, then, all I've got to say is, just take yourself out o' this house. When you kin raise a quarter, you kin have this bundle."
Stupified, sick, wretched, I walked to the wharves.

"—Oh! the pause That precedes action."—VIRGILIUS
Hardly conscious of what I did, I went nearly to the end of a neighboring wharf, both sides of which were thronged with vessels. One of these, a dilapidated old thing, on which
"Cormorant, devouring Time," had apparently done his worst, was getting under way. Her mainsail was already up, and a man was casting off her stern fasts. I heard him say as he did so, "P'raps we can get this cheap. Captain."
"Hello!" shouted the captain. "I say you stranger!"
"What do ye want?" said I, with an effort to look very particularly sober.

"Want to ship?"
"Don't care if I do."
"Wal, come 'board."
"What's wages?"
"O, shares you know. Goin' a fishin'." I staggered aboard, and sat down on the windlass.

"Where's yer dunnage?"
"Up to Taylor's."
"Run up an get it, Bill, said the Captain. Bill was not long away. He threw my bundle on deck, lifted the stern fasts, and had gone to the other pile to cast off the bowfasts; when Ben, one of my shipmates on board the Portland, came running up to him.

"Why Jim! ye ain't a goin in this 'ere bloody old jigger, are ye?"
"Wal, he ain't goin' to do nothin' else," replied the skipper, somewhat gruffly.—"Cast off th-re, Bill."
"Well, if you must go, Jim, a pleasant voyage to ye. Here's a paper for ye.—You'll find so'thin' marked on't," added he, as Bill cast off the last fast, and leaped on board.

I have little recollection of that day.—The Captain gave me about half a pint of whiskey—such being their marine prescription in such cases—after which all is chaos. I awoke a little before sunset, much refreshed after my long slumber.—By Captain Home's suggestion, I then took a salt-water bath. This accomplished, I drank a cup of tea and went on deck.
"Here's your paper," said the Captain handing me a copy of the Times. "Pears to be so'thin' marked on it. Jest take notice to that 'ere."

I looked as he directed. An advertisement was marked around with ink.—With some difficulty, I made out the following:
"INFORMATION WANTED.—If the young man who saved the young lady's life at wharf, will call at No.—, Ashburton place, he will hear something to his advantage."
"Too late now," suggested the skipper. I nodded.

On the following day, we reached the fishing ground, where in a few weeks, we filled the scower. Luckily for us the price of fish was unusually high. We sold out at once. I had become accustomed to the labor, and, accordingly, surprised the young lady and her grey-haired father had forgotten me. I invested my earnings in another voyage. This too, was successful. By constant reinvestment, and some fortunate speculations, I had accumulated, at the end of some three years, five thousand dollars. At that time the land and lumber mania in Maine was at its height. Buying to the full extent of my means, and selling again as soon as I had fair offers, I found myself at the end of a single year, the master of thirty thousand dollars.

I returned to Boston, and I can truly say, that as I received on every hand the attention and courtesy which wealth commands, the happiest thought connected with my wonderful success was, that I could now meet a certain well-remembered young lady—if, indeed, it should ever be my lot to meet them at all—without giving to either the power to question my motives. Putting divers tradesmen into requisition, I was speedily in a condition to have been presented at court.

And now came a difficulty. It had, indeed, occurred to me before but assuredly never with the same startling force. Supposing that a certain lady were married! While I was very gravely pondering that important question, (I was at the Albion—that quietest, cleanest, best of hotels), a friend tapped me on the shoulder.
"Byerly!"
"Well!"
"Let's go to Federal street."
"What's the bill?"
"Richelieu—Forrest plays."
We went. (Bless me! how I have to hurry over the particulars!) At the end of the second act we rose to our feet, and were in a familiar chat, when I caught the eye of Ellen. Her father was with her, but just then in conversation with a provoking handsome man by his side, in the same box. I bowed. The bow was most graciously returned.

"Who is that lady?" asked I of my companion.
"Ellen M.—"
"Introduce me."
Ellen blushed as her eye met mine.—Her father seemed fidgety, until I was presented to him.
"Mr. Byerly!" he exclaimed. "From Bangor?"
"The same."
"Sir, I'm delighted to make your acquaintance. Fred!—this is my son, sir—give my friend Byerly your seat."
"Mr. M.—," said I, when we were seated—such as much gravely as I could command.—"I believe you owe me ten dollars."
"What? How! really I—"
"Was your carriage ever thrown off wharf?"
"Oho—o—o! It was you, eh! Tut! tut! none o' that; not another word! Talk to Ellen awhile, if you please."
I did so. A month from that day there was a wedding in Ashburton Place.—Sartain's Magazine.

To CURE LOVE.—Take of manufactured hemp about six feet; of courage, enough to make a slip-noose and place it around your neck; of resolution enough to fasten it to the top of a tree; and of determination, sufficient to take a leap downward. If this does not effect a cure get married.

Let your thoughts be fit or suitable for the subject. Every day have high thoughts of God, lower thoughts of self, kinder thoughts of your brethren, and more hopeful thoughts of all around you.

AGRICULTURAL.

Vegetables for Milch Cows.

The pleasant discussion agitated by your intelligent correspondent from Exeter, on the feed best adapted to milch cows, and particularly to the value of carrots for this purpose, I have read with interest. It would seem that there need not be any difference of opinion, on a matter of so common occurrence. But still on this, as on most other subjects, we find very different opinions entertained, by those of equal intelligence and observation.

In regard to carrots, it seems to be admitted by all, that they improve the quality of the milk, however it may be as to the quantity. It is also admitted that they have a healthy and fattening influence on the animal that eats them. It is certain that they are palatable; for there is no class of roots devoured by the animals with more avidity.—For many years I have been familiar with stock cows, kept for a dairy and milk purposes, to which carrots have been fed more or less every year. Without any exact experiment as to their value or feed, the impression has ever been that they were equal in any other root. If this impression is erroneous I should like to have it demonstrated. But I cannot relinquish an opinion, without well digested facts to the contrary, that I have cherished from my youth, and which was taught me by a working man of much practical observation.

I remember a few years since some of the best farmers of my acquaintance put forth the idea that green corn, cut and fed to cows in the months of August and September, and when the feed of pastures came short, for want of moisture, was of little or no value. Coming from such sources, I thought there must be something in it; and that Pickering and Colman, and others who had encouraged the use of this article, as valuable for milch cows, might have been mistaken. Notwithstanding, opinions put forward, I find careful men, who rely on their milk, products, continue to grow corn for their cows. And I strongly suspect, that the same class of men will hesitate, before they discard the use of carrots entirely. Among the many projects of improvement now agitated, I know of no one more worthy the attention of careful cultivators than the comparative value of crops as feed for milch cows. Every family in the land is interested in this subject. No sooner does the infant inhale the air of Heaven, than some preparations of milk begins to be made for its nourishment in some form or other, while life lasts. Time was, when the potatoe was cultivated for the feed of stock; but of late the voracity of man is such, that a few potatoes can be spared for that purpose, unless they are suspected of impregnation with the rot. Turnips also, especially the ruta baga, have been craved up, as excellent for milch cows, but there are those, who turn up their noses when turnips are named, and say they cannot endure the taste of the milk within the same category. If it were not for the peculiar flavor imparted to milk, by feed on turnips and cabbages, I should think these crops would yield a more abundant feed for stock than any others that can be cultivated. On looking over the number of Transactions for the Essex Society recently published, I perceive the crop of cabbage raised by Mr. Mason, of Beverly, exceeds any vegetable product that has come to my knowledge. The sales from his grounds the present year exceeded \$150 per acre, for several years. When it is considered with how little labor this crop is grown the land being properly prepared, there would seem no occasion to go West to raise wheat at 50 cents a bushel, when labors can be so much better rewarded by growing cabbage in the East.—New England Farmer.

Pulverizing Soil.

It is believed, and indeed the fact has been abundantly demonstrated, that the finer the soil is, the more fertile will it be. Full supposed that minute disintegration of composition was all that was essential to render any land productive and fruitful, and that no matter what might be its original character, the plow, freely used would render the application of stimulating manures, or putrum of any kind, unnecessary. This however, even his own experiments, instituted for the express purpose of establishing the verity of his idealized theory, prove untrue. Still, in all cases, minute pulverization is a vast benefit to any soil; and the more perfect the comminution or division of the constituent particles is, the more confidently can we rely upon the success of the future crop, whatever it may be.

By frequent plowings, even the most tenacious and adhesive lands will be ameliorated; they will be exposed more thoroughly and effectually to the fertilizing effects of dews, rains, atmospheric influences, and the enriching action of solar heat. The roots of plants find also in soils thus prepared a much more favorable medium; they are not arrested in their progress, expand freely in quest of food, and are not contorted and thrown aside by opposing obstacles which are insuperably to a slender form. Manure also acts much more energetically on fine soil than on that which is coarse and in compact masses; it does not so soon yield its humidity in seasons of drought, and is far more absorbent in time of rain.—Democratic Union.